

## WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

## The Week's Doings at the National Capital.

## THE PRESIDENT FLITS SOUTHWARD.

RESIDENT Cleveland and his wife, Secretary Whitney and his wife, Private Secretary Lamont and his wife left Washington last Tuesday morning for that haven of alligators and heaven of sick Yankees—Florida. The President left the surplus in the charge of the Secretary of the Treasury, the flags where they belonged, and the key of the White House on a nail beside the door. He took the tariff with him to see how it felt around the neck down South. His Second Term Boom, of which he never loses sight for a moment, was, as usual, taken along under the care of the faithful Dan Lamont, who kept it in his hands every moment.

"He's rather bulky and inconvenient, sah," said the polite porter. "Haden't you better have it checked, sah?"

"Checked?" gasped the faithful Dan, turning pale. "No, sir; nothing must check it. The thought is awful."

"What's the matter, Dan?" said the President, noting his loyal servant's blanched cheeks and horror-stricken expression.

"Here's a man, sah, who talks about checking your Highness's boom."

"Great Heavens!" said the President, regarding the innocent negro with a look of alarm. "The man's an enemy of my country. Make a minute of the matter, Dan. We will have him dismissed as an offensive partisan."

This restored the equilibrium of the party, and the train rattled on through the night, under a bright sun and over the Long Bridge, and presently the conductor called out:

"Alexandria!"

"This is the historic old city of Alexandria," said Secretary Whitney, adjusting his glasses, "and right over there is the brick church where George Washington used to worship."

"O, indeed," said the President, with interest. "That's it right over there, is it? Yes, yes."

Then, as if reciting something committed from a book—probably the cyclopaedia, "George Washington, the first President of the United States, was born in Westmoreland County, Va., Feb. 22, 1732. By the way, Dan, several of our papers have pointed out strong resemblances between Washington and me, haven't they?"

"O, yes, sah," said Dan, with enthusiastic alacrity. "Quite a number, and very strong ones."

"But there are differences, too," said the President.

"O, yes, sah, Washington never—"

"Daniel!" said the President, whose eyes could be heard above the rambles of the train.

The Secretary's face got as white as his collar, but he did not lose presence of mind. "I did not mean to say that at all, sah. I assure you, I didn't. I was going to say that Washington never loved a pension bill."

"What, not hardly ever?" said Secretary Whitney, who saw the trouble and came to the rescue.

"Look here, Whitney," said the President, still ruffled, "you're being Secretary of the Navy is no excuse for working off that old 'Pension' chestnut on me."

The crushed Secretaries looked out of the windows and soothed themselves by counting the mile-posts. Whitney was the first to speak.

"This country has recovered from the effects of the war, Dan."

"What makes you think so, Bill?" asked the Grand Custodian of the Room.

"Why, I noticed some chickens roosting on the three limbs of a tree. From which you can tell me they didn't need to do that during the war."

Then the President broke in, half-musing:

"So this is the great State of Virginia—Mother of Presidents and the cradle of the method of paying a debt by 'scaling' both ends and repainting the middle. But the country doesn't seem to be as thickly peopled as I had supposed."

"So, sah," said Dan, with deferential deference.

"Why, from the number of Virginia politicians and office-seekers who swarm around us, I suppose there would be a lot of them here."

"The principal productions of Virginia," said Whitney, who has a business man's aptitude for facts and figures, "are snuff, brush, worn-out fields and office seekers."

"That's not in the cycle—I mean in the statistical reports," said the Chief Executive.

"But it's true, for all that," persisted the Boss of the Ironclads.

The train stopped at Manassas Junction for water, and a delegation of Virginians came aboard to see the President. After the greetings were over, the all-important subject of the moment was broached.

"Pardon me, your message, sah," said the spokesman of the party, "Statesmanlike document, sah."

The President bowed, and Dan Lamont blushed like a school-girl whose composition is being praised.

"There are a few things that you were misinformed on, however, sah," continued the speaker. "We approve of your idea of taking the protection of the nation's Yankies many features, sah, but you mustn't touch the protection given our tobacco-growers in Virginia, sah, against the patent niggers who grow tobacco in Sumatra, and other foreign lands. It is not right, sah. They're heathens, sah—worshippers of gods of wood and stone, sah, and we're Christians, sah. We must be protected against them. And we believe that the internal revenue tax on the use of tobacco, sah, is a very wise measure, sah. We entirely approve of your message, sah. Very statesmanlike document, sah."

"Why, that is about all there is in my message," whispered the President, while Dan Lamont looked the picture of awe.

"Can't help it, sah. You should modify it on those points," shouted the speaker as the train pulled out.

The calmness of the party was hardly restored until it reached Richmond, where the incidents of the morning were forgotten.

The interesting sight-seeing of that historic city, but the fit came on again when the train entered the State of Virginia was encountered, bearing a touching appeal to the President to change his mind and to remain in the internal revenue on the State's great staple.

"I declare, Dan," said the President, "I am mighty curious to see how the North Carolina legislature will vote on the tobacco tax and tobacco. I wish there was a prohibitory tax on politicians. I'll be—"

"Crover!" said Mr. Cleveland, lifting his sweet eyes from the "Woman's Work." "I was going to say, my dear," said the President, "giving something down," "that I'd make it mighty curious to see how the North Carolina legislature will vote on the tobacco tax and tobacco. I wish there was a prohibitory tax on politicians. I'll be—"

"I don't know about that," said Whitney, dubiously. "Down in this section, where the don't raise anything but turpentine and peanuts, it'll be all right; but in the rest of the State they run to sheep and fruit raising. I've just been in the former where I heard them abusing you for wanting to keep the protection of wool and keep the tax on apples."

place of Nullification. "My message"—addressing himself to a Charleston gentleman—must have seemed to you like the glad proclamation of a new day. Your impoverished people must welcome any proposition to take the burden of taxes off their backs.

"Yes," said the Charleston gentleman politely. "We regarded it as a great message, sah; the greatest state paper since our own John C. Calhoun died; but I was requested by the business men of your city to visit you, and take the first opportunity to represent to you, sah, that we are heartily in accord with your views in regard to taking off all the protection which the bloated manufacturers of the North enjoy, sah; but they are anxious that you should carefully discriminate, sah, when it comes to touching the industries of the South, sah. Our people are poor, sah, very poor. About all that we have left, sah, upon which we can reckon, our rice crop; the duty on it is too low, sah; much too low. We ought not, sah, to have to compete with the moon-eyed lepers of China, and the idol-worshipping heathens of India."

"Whitney, I'm a weary," said the President. "I want to get away from the maddening crowd's life, sah. I want to go out into the dancing waters of that silvery bay. I will not trust myself, sah, to be carried to the state, to any hired boatman. You, yourself, the chief of all the mariners of America, sah, who one should have so important a charge."

It was in vain that Secretary Whitney protested that he had never sailed anything but a top-boiler when he was young. The President insisted that by virtue of his office he ought to know more about everything connected with navigation than any other man in America. A dozen rows away from the dock, Mr. Cleveland became so alarmed at their narrow escapes from upsetting and collision that he compelled a return to the shore, and the next stop the train made was amid the orange groves of Florida.

"The fruit hangs remarkably lightly on its branches," said the President, who did not do the golden apples which showered around him wherever he went. "It falls if a breath stirs the air."

"It is expressing its disapproval of your Excellency's idea," said the President, who was so devoted to the interests of the fair.

The furniture used in this department has been loaned by some of our prominent dealers; the antique furniture from dealers in that city, and the modern from W. B. Moore & Sons and Wash B. Williams.

Among other things for sale in this department will be a collection of Photographs of celebrated men and women, many of them with their autographs. These will be presided over by young ladies, many of whom will be in attendance every evening to assist in entertaining and interesting those who desire information in regard to the art exhibit. Ladies of prominent social circles will have charge of the exhibit every night, and reliable watchmen will be constantly in attendance throughout the entire time.

FIRED IN THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.

A story is going the rounds about a fight between Public Printer Benedict and his brother, who had been a member of the House of Representatives. The fight was said to have taken place in the Capitol building, and the result was said to be a severe beating for the printer.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

An International Council of Women, called by the National Woman Suffrage Association, will be held in this city, opening March 25 and closing April 1. The purpose of the council is to celebrate the 40th anniversary of the Woman Suffrage Association. It will undoubtedly be the most important and influential gathering of women that the world has ever seen.

The Council will consist of delegates from all the national and international suffrage organizations. To provide for these and for other necessary expenses an appeal has been issued to the public, asking aid in the work and contribution of money.

Persons can make themselves members of the association by the payment of \$1. All who do this will be entitled to the full pamphlet report of the proceedings of the Council. Contributions and membership fees should be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Jane H. Spofford, Biggs House, Washington, D. C., or to the Chairman of the Special Finance Committee, Susan B. Anthony, Rochester, N. Y.

The Council will convene at Albion's Opera House. The program for the 16 public sessions contains the names of many people prominent in this work. Mrs. Laura McNeil, President of the I. W. O. U. W. C. T. U., will address the Convention, as will also Miss Clara Barton, President of the Society of the Red Cross; Frances E. Willard, President of the N. W. C. T. U.; Susan B. Anthony and many others.

A FAITHFUL AND EFFICIENT CLERK DEAD.

Mr. Henry L. Johnson, principal clerk of the Equipment Division, Second Assistant of the Postoffice Department, died in this city last week of Bright's disease, complicated with neuritis of the optic nerves.

Johnson was appointed to a position in the Postoffice Department in 1853. When he entered the Department his father was also employed there. He was a member of the United States Civil Service, and was a member of the Postoffice Division. He was, however, placed for the place, having taken a course as a practical mechanic in lock and Postoffice Department, and was a member of the Postoffice Division. He was, however, placed for the place, having taken a course as a practical mechanic in lock and Postoffice Department, and was a member of the Postoffice Division.

For the past 35 years he was the Chief of the Division of Equipment in the Second Assistant's Office, and so indefatigable was he in his work, and so devoted to it, that during all that time he had never taken a holiday day.

Until his present illness, which began some 10 days ago, Mr. Johnson during the past 25 years had not been away from the Department. Even on holidays and Sundays he was there. In all that time he had never taken a holiday day.

His death was a great loss to the Department. He was a man of great energy and ability, and his death was a great loss to the Department. He was a man of great energy and ability, and his death was a great loss to the Department.

ADVANCE FOR THE SILVER MEN.

The advocates for the monetary use of silver are much discouraged by the failure of the mission of Edwin Atkinson, who was sent abroad by the Government to confer with the governments upon the coinage of silver. He found that those to whom he was sent were not disposed to adopt any of the suggestions which he was instructed to communicate with reference to bimetallic coinage. The sentiment in Europe seems to be decidedly in favor of gold as the sole basis.

Mr. Atkinson has prepared an elaborate report upon the subject, which is stated to be in the hands of the President. He will transmit it to Congress in a message in which he will reiterate the position he took at the commencement of his Administration against unlimited coinage of silver. This attitude of force has been a good nature of the Government, and it is in the hands of the President to change it.

It is hoped that after the experience of the German Government with the evils of the devaluation of silver, the Government of the United States will take the same course.

GEN. HENDERSON PRATISED.

The following resolutions have been received by the Hon. D. B. Henderson, of Iowa:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives do hereby express its sympathy for the brave and noble General D. B. Henderson, who has fallen in the defense of his country, and that it be the duty of the House to take appropriate action in regard to the same.

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